Volume IX Chicago, Ill., December, 1932 Number 9

The Liberalist

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make a
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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Volume IX Chicago, Ill., December, 1932 Number 9

MEDITATION

"We cannot help but express our gratitude, O, infinite Heart of Love, that even though the blasts of winter, the leaden skies, and the dull colorless beating of the storm against our heart is all about us everywhere this morning, we are deeply grateful, and we cannot refrain from expressing our gratitude, that out of every tempest and the heart of the swirl and anger of it there is an inspirative force that lifts us above the storm and above the tempest. And so, today, in spite of all that might interfere, we gather here in the sanctity of this moment that we love, a moment of refreshing character a moment when all of the anxiety and all of the cares of the past week are garnered into one expression and brought tenderly and affectionately to thy Heart.

And so, today, whatever may be the difficulty of any human heart that is listening, or of any human life that is here, may there be such a moment of consecration that we shall keep the tempest at the threshold, keep the storm out in the fields and by the sea, but in our hearts a door shall be open and that still and quiet voice that quieted other storms in other days may be heard in the deep places of our innerself. We wait for that voice; we tarry for those words.

May every one that is trying to express life in terms of activity and confusion and worry and care pause a moment in the fury and in the chaos and linger for the present in that quiet and powerful beauty that comes from thy divine Love.

To every home where these words are going—perhaps there are homes that are broken today, perhaps hate has given expression, harsh words may have been said and unkind things may have been done—heal up the sanctity there too. Perhaps these words are going to some very, very ill person who is trying so hard to get back again to the ruggedness of health and strength, may they be words of encouragement for them too. Perhaps somewhere someone is fighting a terrific battle with remorse ad they are so regretful and so sorry, may the comforting presence of true forgiveness which is recovery for every broken heart, may it come to them too. Wherever there is suffering and people are cold today, and perhaps little children are hungry, perhaps the storm is beating in upon that broken window pane stuffed with old rags, broken hearts stuffed with old dreams, wherever there is that today, may Love come.

Break through the clouds, break through the storm, come into our hearts with dignity and with beauty and with power and may we make every contribution we can to the sustenance and comfort of human hearts this day is the high privilege of this church to be of service to all human kind everywhere of whatever creed, or color, or faith. May we anchor to that, knowing that that anchorage can never be disturbed by any storm, that that ship can never be wrecked by any tempest."

tangible surge that is taking place in the structure of humanity. It is not enough merely to be speculative about an uncertain future on a basis of our own little petty wishes and desires, unproven theories and undeveloped ideals. It is not enough for us to handle their hour in a superficial or in an ephemeral manner. This is an hour which demands penetration! This is a moment which demands a fundamental approach to the problems involved! This is an hour that is definitely in conspiracy against anything that is cheap or shoddy or temporal! This is an hour where eternal things are being weighed in the balance of men's ambitions! This is an hour where we are going to experience a deeper experience with the realities and the motivations of civilization as they are working themselves out in government, in education and in religion! An hour of such tremendous reality that to merely day-dream in a moment like this is to lose the contact which is the source of all power in any effort to solve the problems of the moment!

So when I look out, as I am continuously looking, always looking, always living, always experiencing this great something, I wish sometimes I could put my finger upon it, I wish sometimes I could be sufficiently analytical of affairs and conditions to reach out and say: 'There it is!' I wish I could be sufficiently penetrating and sufficiently philosophical in my interpretation of history to be able to see in this moment something so definite and something so tangible that all of the wish-thinking that characterizes so much would be eliminated in the presence of that which is fact-thinking and of factual character and of factual relationship. I am very frank to confess to you, my friends, in an open and frank confession, that as this present situation deepens, as disillusionment follows disillusionment, as illusion follows illusion, as despair stalks upon the heels of despair, as an incompentency of leadership in a world of chaos evidenced by attributes of mediocrity are attempting, in high places, to settle the problems of such international significance that the destiny of civilization, in a very true sense perhaps, hangs in the balance, and in the midst of this why am I audacious enough to dare intimate that there is good news, that there is a gospel for an age like this; that there is a program of such definite scientific character that to obey it is recovery, and to follow it is redemption; that there is good news for humanity, good news in the presence of all that could be characterized as bad and chaotic? And I feel, as we approach the Christmas season, only two weeks from today, think of it, two weeks from today, and that carnival of my childhood that I waited for, a whole year through! You know it is a whole year from New Year to Christmas, but it is only one week from Christmas to New Year, and after New Year has passed, in my childhood, a whole long year had to elapse, before Christmas, and now it is only two weeks away, and how are we to recover and recapture that joy —that's the word, that 'joy'—O, for a joyful world again! Joy, one of the greatest words of all of our language, to be vibrant with joy, to see the faces of the people wreathed in smiles again!

I studied people all day Saturday, beginning with a funeral service at nine o'clock on the south side, then to Wheaton to another funeral, and then back again through the Saturday afternoon mobs, back into the crowded elevated trains, back into the street of life, and I saw very few joyful faces, faces that were just reflective of that inward peace and that inward beauty which is joy, and I wondered how the world is going to sing on Christmas day: 'Joy to the world, the Lord has come, let earth receive her King, let every heart prepare him room, and heaven and nature

ing!" I wondered what we were doing to prepare him room and heaven and nature sing? I wondered how this good news for bad times was going to be received into our hearts and into our minds this Christmas time with more hunger than we have ever known in this America of ours, more—hunger than we have ever known! We are having a hard time growing accustomed to it, but I am afraid we are. Most of Europe has had fourteen years—this is our fourth winter. We are not sure about it and I am standing upon the threshold of this Christmas time wondering what is the really great contribution that we could make so that this good news in times like these shall sink into our hearts.

What is it all about anyway? Do you know any reason why these times should be? Well, there is not any real reason, not one. A real reason would involve some great disturbance of the bounty of Nature, and Nature has never been so kind. We have never had such a blessing as we have had this year. The last crops that have been garnered from the fertile fields of American soil were the most lavish in our history. More wheat, more corn, more produce than ever before in all our history, and side by side with that more hunger! Now any man who thinks at all, looking at the proposition squarely in the face, cannot help but say there is no real reason. Gold, GOLD, has anybody taken the gold of the earth and sunken it in the bottom of the sea? No, it is here. All these things are here, and the interpreter of human history who bases his philosophy upon the materialistic conception of history which gave birth to that other phrase known to all serious students of economics, the economic determinism of history, phrases that you must not ignore. The materialistic conception of history which throws back to the world one word 'bread.' That's the word, 'bread' and then recall the whole history of the human kind from the beginning unto today and the economic determinism, that the whole tendency of human history has always been determined on man's quest for bread. That back of the whole picture is a thing called economics and industry.

Well, I am just beginning to wonder if that is quite true. I am just beginning to wonder if that is the whole story. I am just beginning to wonder, as we recall past struggles of men, I know that it has been a dominating motivation, I know that, I know that bread is motive. Haven't I been afraid of poverty all my life? Haven't you? I think the most awful agony that gnaws at the heart of man is the suspicion that some day he too will know the hunger pangs. I know that in a world where you felt so safe and secure and you were cutting coupons by the thousands and had bonds by the bundles, I know that you felt nothing could happen. It was that security which came to you when you knew that you could at last face the wolf of poverty with your hands at his throat and you were choking poverty to death and it gave you comfort, and it gives any man comfort, and I know of no more stalking misery that walks up and down and in and out of the very doors of history that men fear more and is more devastating than the fear of poverty. I know of nothing that takes out of a man more than to be a dependent. Nothing! The demoralizing, devastating thing of being compelled to ask somebody for anything works havoc with every human soul!

That's the danger of this hour, not so much even that people are hungry as it is that people have to ask for food. Not so much that they are cold, but that they have to ask someone for clothes. To those of you who have just now, don't humiliate the poor! There is nothing more irritating to me than the superiority of security which those who have,

sometimes flaunt before those who have not.

The other day when I went into a home with five little children, with unemployment for sixteen months, and we were trying to see what could be done, in comes two women gowned and furred, rich evidently, and they meant to be kind, but one of them whispered to me so that the mother of that little home heard it, and said: 'You know, we have been wanting to see for ourselves what this unemployment was doing,' and so they came to a show, a drama of misery and hunger.

If I say nothing of consequence this morning except this to that great audience out there that I shall never know and never see, to all who have invited me into their homes by way of the loud speaker this morning, to you who have come, if I say nothing else but this, in the name of God, you who have and you who can, give in such a way that you don't hurt those who have to accept! The finest giving in the world is anonymous giving. I tell you the thing that I see that is happening more and more is a demoralization which is coming out of the awful spector of unemployment and poverty, the breaking down of morale of men and women who were basically fine! Think of it, that's the agony of it all! Men and women who a year ago were themselves helping to sustain the poor are today being sustained themselves, they are broken too, now, and O, the haunted look in their eyes and the hunted look in their faces, and the way they walk!

Now I want to say this, my friends, and I say it as kindly and carefully as I know how to say it, we haven't any right very much, to ourselves these days, we haven't any right for ourselves after all. I am beginning to feel that the only way out is for those who have to lose and for those who have not to recover some of the great, fine, powerful principle of this whole structure called human life! May I give you that which is only a re statement of a fine thesis of m life and say that I am anchorin to it more and more every da that I live, I am as confident o it as I am that I am standing i this pulpit, because I have de monstrated it, and what you hav demonstrated you do not have t theorize about or ask another' opinion, you know in your ow life and heart what has take place, and I am just as confiden as I am that I am standing i this pulpit of this thesis, and think it ought to be restated i days and moments like thes when thousands of little chil dren are going to wait for fee that never come, many a little dis illusioned heart who could no quite wonder, break through an determine why. I am confident o this, in the presence of it all, tha we are in the birthroom, I thin that this modern world is goin to give birth to a new order an a new standard!

I look first of all for a renais sance, and that renaissance i going to open up the gateway t a new reformation, and just a the last renaissance was the re formation of the European intel lect and the last reformation wa the renaissance of the Europea heart, out of this new renais sance and this coming reforma tion is going to come, blazone across the sky of men's hopes, gospel of three things.

The first is that all this pre sent situation is making us intel ligent. There is more actual in telligence at work in the worl today than ever before with th rapidity by which the means o information is conveyed. Mor people are thinking for them selves today than ever in the his tory of human thought, refusin to let their rabbi, ministers, bish ops think for them, refusing t base their opinion on headline of newspapers and editorials There is a great awakening o the human mind. That is first. I will take us sixteen or eightee months to weather through that There will be no recovery unti

the last quarter of next year, that will be the first evidence of it. This is the last winter that you are going to face what you are facing now. This winter will not be duplicated again. The next winter will be the best that the United States has known for eight or ten winters. This is the last winter of this for the intelligence that is being released is going to bring into play an opportunity for another thing that finally is gripping us. The conscience of men is now beginning to work and those who have had no conscience are going to have anguish and bankruptcy brought to their very thresholds, it is going to gnaw and eat into their hearts and homes. Conscience, dulled and stupefied in behalf of human misery and woe, is going to speak again. You will have a revival of conscience and there are some who simply never will be able to do again what they have done before. Intelligence and conscience!

Now, what is the final good news for the future? The best of all, COURAGE! We have gotten our brains reverberating, now we are beginning to think a little bit for ourselves, we are not labelled by political parties, we are voting out of the rut; political party lines are broken and demoralized, a great evidence of men's individual thinking, he is not going to be a mule or a sheep any longer, his conscience has been touched and it is hurting him to the quick. Why as long as men were losing their jobs and the poor were the only ones to suffer, conscience did not hurt, but now conscience hurts everybody because this condition has taken hold of the rich as well as the poor and there is not one that escapes the influence of it.

It is a universal situation and we are thinking, and our consience is bothering us and now we are going to have the courage. We are going to get weary of this situation, we are going to get tired of it, these constant charity and giving appeals, this depression, anxiety, frustration, the constancy of this chaos, we are going to get tired of it, and when we get just so tired then you are going to see courage born and a new type of leadership in the pulpit and editorial rostrum, at the bar, in medicine, in industry, a new system of production and factory management and efficiency will be brought out of all this turmoil and there will be a new day, a new era of the world!

I never have been so hopeful, never so triumphant as I am this morning. In spite of the 373,000 people in the Chicago area out of employment, the 20,000 children going to school hungry in a nation like this, in a civilization where we have produced brain and intellect, do you think we are going to long stand by and see it rot through inefficiency and incompetency? It is not going to be done! This world is going to get out of the trouble it is in. A new day is dawning, these pangs are birthpangs. Out of the womb of civilization is coming a new day for mankind! It will take years and years and my own effectiveness and contribution will be nothing, my own voice will probably be silenced, there may not even be a memory left, but I am as confident that that leadership is coming as I am that I stand here. Some youth will do it. Out of the High schools and colleges of America, out of the factory and the mine, from the farm and the office, a new dawn is lighting up the foreheads of the next century, and with that dawn away goes your purely materalistic conception, away goes your economic determinism, away goes all of your groveling in the dust and gutter of life! Man is going to turn his face once more toward the stars. That gentle prophet of Nazareth, that poet of Galilee, that young rabbi of Jerusalem, forgotten, despised, rejected, is going to be substituted again in the affections of men for the sheer beauty of his dream, and when that day dawns you will hear a voice, a voice that we

have forgotten, a voice that no one really cared much about hearing, a voice that was not practical, a voice that was dreaming, you will hear a voice that we have not heard while men substituted bigness for greatness, and activity for insight until our bigness and our activity wrecked us, you will hear a voice and it will be a voice against your economic determinism, but it will use a very old word and that word is 'BREAD.' It belongs to our theorises of materialism, but he knew. You will hear it again some day. It will come out of some personality; it will come out of some spirit!

I wonder if it means anything to you today just before Christmas? **Man shall not live by bread alone.** We have tried it and we have failed and out of our failure comes the spiritual renaissance of God, and then every man will be my brother and every heart will be a heart of love. We tried to live out of the things we possessed and we failed and now we will live not out of what we possess, NOW WE WILL LIVE ON WHAT POSSESSES US, AND TO BE POSSESSED BY AN IDEAL FOR MANKIND IS TO LIVE AS WE HAVE NEVER LIVED BEFORE!"

CHRISTMAS

Sing a song of Christmas,
There's laughter in the air,
There's wonder in the snow-bird wings,
And on the wind a prayer.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Stockings in a row,
Tinkling bells and spicy smells
Where bon bon babies grow.

There is a song of Christmas
That the pines sing to a hill,
The velvet sandalled wind keeps Time,
And all the stars are still.

For they sing of earth's first Christmas,
And of star-gleams down a way
That wise men walked to worship
The King of Christmas day.

(First Rights Only)
Edmar Chapman.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

For several years the Sunday evening services have started on the first Sunday evening in December and continued through to Easter. But shortly after church opened this year the office was beseiged with calls as to when the evening services would begin. So insistent were the calls and the demands for evening services that the pastor decided to open the services a month earlier than usual. The first service was held Sunday evening, November 13, with one of the largest congregations ever known in the church. The doors were opened and in seven minutes the church was packed. Amplifiers were installed in Channing Hall and there were over 500 people in that room. Hundreds were turned away. Preston Bradley spoke on the "Insull Failure." Services have continued ever since with the same interest. They plan to close on Easter night. There is no Sunday evening problem with the Peoples Church except how to take care of the people. The services begin every Sunday evening as soon as the church is packed. The average evening congregation is over 2,000 people. People of all creeds and faiths are attending from every section of the city of Chicago and suburbs. This is all most encouraging to those who are trying to make the church a dynamo of spiritual energy and encouragement.

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Preston Bradley kept the following engagements during the month of November:

3—Address Woman's Ideal Club
4—Address, A. F & A. M.
6—Sermon, Peoples Church

6—Concert, Choir
7—Address, Chicago Club
7—Minister's Meeting
8—Address, Northshore Kiwanis Club
9—Bazaar
10—Bazaar
11—Address, Momence, Ill.
13—Two Sermons, Peoples Church
14—Address, Congregational Ministers
14—Meeting Public Library Board
14—Meeting, Peoples Church Board
15—Address, Lake Villa, Ill.
16—Address, Radio W G N
16—Address, Medinah Athletic Club
17—Linden, Michigan
18—Two Addresses, Lansing, Michigan
20—Two Sermons, Peoples Church
21—Meeting, Normal School Board
22—Young Peoples Club
24—Thanksgiving Service
25—Address, Medinah Athletic Club
27—Two Sermons, Peoples Church
28—Address, Northbrook, Ill.
29—Address, Kokomo, Ind.
30—Address, Friends of American Writers
30—Annual Address, Chicago Federation of Bankers.

WEDDINGS

November

12—Johan C. Vanden Bosch and Marguerite E. Schmidt
12—Wilbur G. Simmons and Jane Lingafelter
16—Earl C. Davis and Mildred J. Ketchum
22—Lon M. Smott and Ruth V. Cory
23—Herman D. Stucky and Jeanette Kraemer
23—Herbert George Lewis and Laura E. Schiller.

NEW MEMBERS

We publicly welcomed the following new members on the First Sunday in December:

Mrs. Louise Bentley, 1648 Pratt Boulevard
Miss Anna I. Chester, 4721 Malden Street
Miss Christine M. Howell, 4721 Malden Street
Mrs. Theresa Matthes, 3811 Wilton Avenue
Mr. Noel Whitehead, 1728 Leland Avenue.

FUNERALS

November

5—Oscar Fleischer, Interment, Rosehill
11—Frank Rein, Interment, Woodlawn
14—Mary Sterison, Interment, Forest Home
25—Arthur Dollard, Interment, Forest Home
26—Mary K. Beale, Interment, Acacia.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The "Story of the Century of Progress International Exposition" was told by Mr. Fred Gordon Miner before the Woman's Club at the morning session in Channing Hall on December 4th. In the afternoon at 2:00 o'clock Dr. Bradley gave a talk on "European Impressions of the Century of Progress —and Some Other Impressions," rounding out a splendid day for the Club. The large audience which attended found both lectures immensely interesting and filled with valuable information.

It is something to have lived in this Century of Progress,—to live in the country—the city where this marvelous Exposition will be held,—to see it in the making, to watch it grow—into the miracle of wonder and beauty that Science and Art have created.

December 7th, the club gave an old fashioned "Boston Baked Bean Supper"—in Channing Hall —and around the hall were placed on tables for sale all the articles left from the Bazaar. There was not a great deal,—but vari-

ous pretty and useful articles suitable for Christmas gifts.

Baked bean suppers may be out of date—but the Boston dish is still in high favor in many families if the number who came to partake of this yankee meal is proof. After three hundred had been served there were no more beans! Late comers were disappointed. Everyone stayed for the evening, the articles on sale were bought up in no time and a charming little one act play was presented by the Uptown Players in old fashioned costumes. Dr. Bradley entering into the spirit of the evening made some humorous remarks from the platform, and altogether it was a glorious evening. We will have another bean supper before the winter is over!

It was not anticipated there would be so large a crowd. But we will have heaps more beans next time! Will you all come?

G. T. B.

MARY'S STORY LADY

By Grace Thayer Bradley

"And There Was no Room at the Inn"

"There ain't no use talking about it any longer,—she's got to go. We've kept that child nearly four year's an' it's been four too much, I'll say, with you making less all the time, till you lost your job in the end an' living on our savings ain't goin' to last much longer.—Every mouth to feed is one extra these days!" Myra Lindbloom closed her thin lips tightly, drew in her chin, folded her arms and settled back in her chair; her steel blue eyes narrowing as she looked across the kitchen table at her husband.

Hank Lindbloom, with his arms resting on the table, had been breaking matches into small bits and dropping them into his unfinished coffee. His eyebrows raised as was his habit, making deep furrows across his high forehead. It seemed as though every meal lately had been finished off with one of these tyrades of Myra's, either regarding their diminishing savings, how many months and exact number of weeks he hadn't worked, or sharp remarks about Mary, his sisters child he had brought home to be one of his family when his sister died four years ago.

Myra was speaking again: "Would you take food from your own children's mouths to feed a stranger? I guess you would—but I tell you that young-un will have to go to the Home, where she should have been taken in the first place. There never has been room for her here!" "Well—tomorrow's Christmas—and anyway I don't see why you call Mary a stranger—she's my sisters kid—and she don't eat much,—and—you wouldn't send her away till after Christmas—Ma—would you—when you got that big Christmas basket of things from that Church?" Hank asked hesitatingly, with a side glance at the closet where he was sure his wife had put the basket. Myra jumped up, almost upsetting her chair, and began clearing the table of dishes, almost throwing them into the sink, oh! if only Hank hadn't been on the stairs when that Church basket was delivered,—she had hoped he hadn't seen it brought to their door—"I suppose—she—can—stay over tomorrow—but there ain't no toys or clothes for her in that basket—mind what I say Hank Lindbloom—And you take her away day after tomorrow or—I—will!" The last words shot like shells from a cannon, just as a cup and two plates slipped from her hand and broke to bits on the floor. Hank arose picked up his hat and coat and hastily went out the back door.

Amid the crash of smashing dishes and the ejaculations of Myra which followed, altho' there was no one in the kitchen to hear her remarks, the suppressed sob and light foot steps of tiny feet going out the front door, passed unnoticed.

Six year old Mary from the ext room had heard her uncle nd his wife's discussion.

Her baby heart had felt the alding hurt of not being want- l—there—was—no room — for er.

She had been looking over with ride the pretty things she had ade at school and brought home at morning. An iron-holder orked with worsted "Aunt yra," a match box for Uncle ank, a jolly red Santa Claus for izzie, and a Christmas bell for nna—Anna had taken away her ittens that morning—but any- ay she'd give her the pretty bell hang in the window. These ifts that she was to present as a irprise to the household Christ- as morning Mary left on the ed where she had been looking t them when she heard her unts sharp words. Her little reast heaving with sobs she was ying to choke down, she walked ut the door putting on her coat nd red cap as she went down airs. Reaching the street she rushed away the hot tears with er coat sleeve, and drawing her are little hands up as far as she ould into her sleeves, Mary hur- ed around the corner to the road street at the next block here her special friend, big Tim e policeman, would take her a- oss the car tracks and through e traffic on the busy thorofare, the other side where two reets running diagonally met in "flatiron;" up one of these reets was the school, this Mary new, but the other she had ever investigated, having daily beyed her policeman friend, to un right home like a good little rl!"

She was going to depend on im's friendship now. She would k him the direction to the ark! There was no time to fear s refusal—here they were a- oss the broad street; Mary ung to his hand and looking up to his face put the important estion. "The Park? said Tim" why honey, its around that xt corner there." Mary's head went dizzy with surprise—the Park only around that corner? She thought she had moved a long long way when her uncle had taken his family early in the fall from their former home to the place they now lived, and Mary had started to school for the first time. "But you're too little to go skating Mary—you better run home." Tim was saying "Oh,—I'm not going skating,—I'm going to see my Story Lady," Mary's face was beaming with her winsome smile. "Your Story Lady? I suppose you mean your teacher—bless your litle face——of course she's a givin' a Christmas party—well scoot now! Be good!" And big Tim turned his attention to the traffic, while Mary ran —jumped — hopped— "scooted" around the next corner to the Park.

Just to think her beloved Story Lady who lived at the end of the Park was really not far away after all; and all these weeks she had not seen her because little Mary like all children had no idea of distance, and the unfamiliar neighborhood had seemed miles from her old home. They had moved one night after dark —and there was no way of letting the Story Lady know. But every night Mary had said the prayer the Lovely Lady had taught her, adding at the close —"dear God please bless my Lovely Lady—and help to find her again." How many things the Lady had taught her—the prayer, and her A. B. C.'s, and to spell some words, and how to trim her finger nails with the little scissors she gave Mary, and— "Hearts like doors, open with ease, to very very little keys! Don't forget that two of these are—'I thank you!' and "If you please!" Mary and the other children had learned those lines—and how to apply them too—when they spent Saturday mornings at the Ladies house, and she told them stories and they had bread and butter and applesauce and cocoa before they went home.

Mary trudged through the snow in the Park; she did not realize that she had entered at one end of the long park and the large apartment house where the Story Lady lived was at the other extreme end. It was all just Park to Mary.

Her little feet and legs were becoming very heavy, and the northeast wind was beginning to blow the snow in great swirls that nearly took her breath, and blew her down several times.

Great clouds of snow came curling and whirling across an open space—oh! how the icy particles stung her cheeks—how her fingers ached—she couldn't see—but she must go on—to—the Lovely Lady—how warm it would be there —and—and —down she went in a drift! Someone lifted her up and was saying "Well—that was quite a flip-flop, wasn't it, you little snow bird?" A man was kneeling beside her, wiping her face gently with a soft handkerchief, and brushing the snow from her coat with his fur glove. When Mary could open her eyes she looked right into the man's eyes on a level with hers,—such kind eyes—like the Story Lady—but this was a man! He was asking: "Are you all right? You Christmas child, coming along in a snow cloud, with your little red cap,—There now!" replacing the bright red cap on her head of golden ringlets. Mary looked into his face and smile—that incomparable smile, holding him a full moment in its spell — then he smiled too,—and stood up, brushing the snow from his knees. Stooping to pick up his glove—he exclaimed excitedly—"why! look at this! Where you fell you uncovered the Christmas rose! I've been picking around here in the snow for an hour trying to find it! Every year I think I know right where it is—but I always have to search! Bless you baby—I believe you are a fairy—or an angel perhaps—uncovering the Christmas rose!"

Kneeling again in the snow, looking at the two roses, waxen white, their petals pink-tipped his thought flashed back to the time when his young wife and he had come upon the rose by accident. So great had been her delight that each Christmas while she lived he had searched and found this beautiful rose, presenting it with due ceremony and she had called it her "priceless gift." Not once in these ten years since he had been alone had he failed to find this rare waxen rose, on the day before Christmas, and taking it to his office in the big hospital, placed it in a slender silver vase on his desk. Probably no one in this great city knew of the lovely thing growing beneath the snow blooming for Christmas,—no one but the gardner who planted it there—the gardner and this Doctor whose eyes expressed infinite tenderness and sympathy to the woman in travail,— whose smile could win and comfort children in pain,—whose hand, firm but gentle, gave courage to the man whose suffering was nearing the end,—and whose presence cheered the aged.

Taking out a pocket knife he cut the two roses and put one in Mary's hand. "This must have bloomed for you—I have never found but one here before."

Mary stood silently looking at the rose; she had never had such a beautiful thing in her life.

"Where are you going Christmas child? I can't leave you here in the snow!"—Slowly Mary turned her face up to his, and smiling again replied, "I'm going to the Story Lady at the end of the Park,—and I have the rose to give her!" "Oh—your teacher I suppose,—well come jump in my car over there, and I will drop you off at the end of the park." Forgetting her heavy little feet—her weary little legs—her numb little hands—Mary went with the Doctor, each carrying a Christmas Rose.

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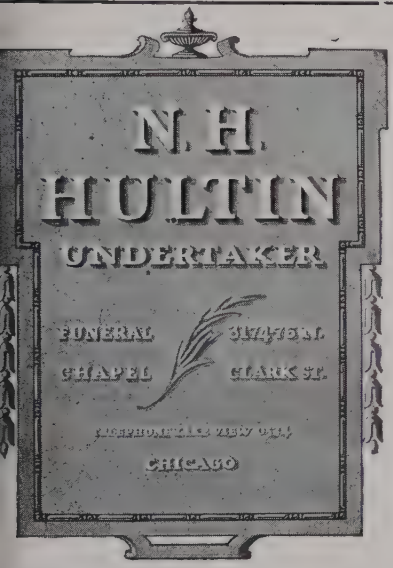

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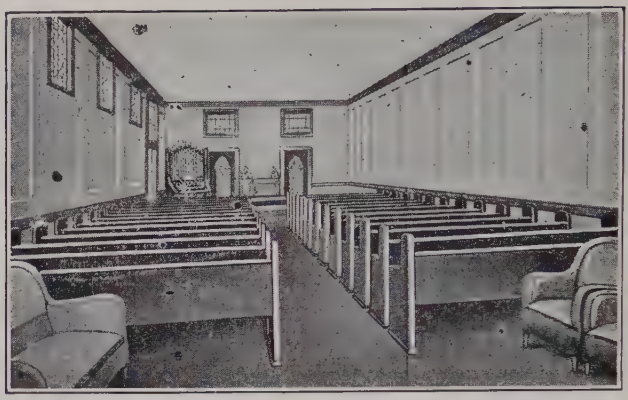

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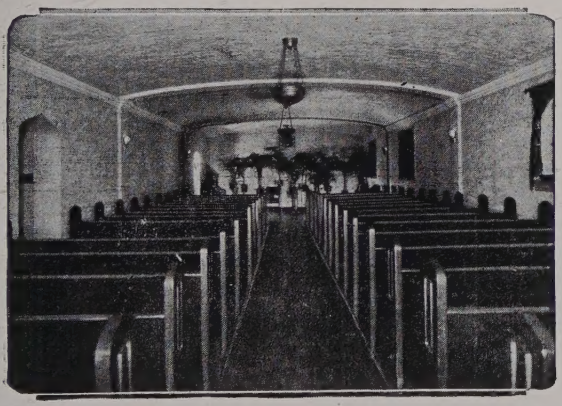

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